MONTREAL AND QUEBEC

ISSUED BY
THE GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT
GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

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The EDITH *and* LORNE PIERCE
COLLECTION *of* CANADIANA

Queen's University at Kingston

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MONTREAL

AND

QUEBEC.

THE TWO MOST INTERESTING CITIES
IN CANADA.

ISSUED BY THE
GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT
GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

City of Montreal from Summit of Mount Royal.

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MONTREAL.

WE are educated to count it joy to be allowed to live in this enlightened age. We are reminded that our forefathers used to fetch their fuel from the forest, and read their bible by a tallow dip, while we burn anthracite and bask in the blaze of electric lights. Where they trudged on foot, we encircle Mount Royal and ride to its highest point on a trolley. The toilsome journeys they undertook, long pilgrimages that consumed weary weeks, we do in a day by the "International Limited," electric lighted, steam heated, with a push button and a smart servant ever at our elbow, and with a cafe car, library and reading room next door. While they were content with the dog sled and an occasional frosted foot, we have the Pullman and appendicitis.

And yet, despite this alleged luxury and enlightenment, most of us would gladly surrender a day of it for an hour such as Jacques Cartier knew on that fair October morning in 1535, when he and his small band of voyageurs hovered about Hochelaga, wondering how the inhabitants of the island would receive him.

The few pictures that are preserved of this early Indian life convey at least but a faint idea of the charm and beauty of the Island of Montreal, as Hochelaga is known to us now. The wooded island, washed by the beautiful St. Lawrence and lapped by the lisping waves of the quiet lake, upon whose calm surface the shell-like barques of the brown-skinned natives of the North rocked gaily in the morning breeze; the fir-clad island hills, the long, low line of the Laurentian Mountains moored in the wilderness to them unknown, made a picture that appealed to the artistic explorers and adventurous voyageurs from the Old World.

And that is why Cartier called it Hochelaga, went away, came back and called again; why Champlain came and others came to cast their lot

Approach to Grand Trunk Victoria Jubilee Bridge.
Across St. Lawrence River, Montreal.

St. Louis Square, Montreal.

in this new land, to build and barter, to trap and traffic, to live and loiter on the great St. Lawrence, and some of them to woo and win the wild Juanitas of this fair New France.

And that is why the Honorable Company of Adventurers was conceived, how the Hudson's Bay Company was born, and how the white man came to covet this continent, then owned and operated by the Almighty, the sun, the chinook wind and the Amerind.

"We are marching down to old Quebec,
Where the drums and fifes are ringing."

Many of my readers will remember having heard, or sung or lisped these lines in the little old log schoolhouse, but not one will be able to recall the teacher telling him that Quebec and Boston were about equi-distant from Greenup, which is by the edge of "Egypt," in the State of Illinois. Montreal, to your mind, was as remote as Jerusalem.

But now, after nearly 400 years, Canada is coming, and Montreal, the metropolis of the Dominion, is more or less known to the traveled American and European.

Montreal is one of the oldest as well as one of the most interesting cities in America.

When Cartier saw the camp for the first time it held some fifty lodges, thrice ringed with pointed palisades, its one port piked and guarded to shut out other savages and civilization. Five years later Cartier called again, but the landing of Samuel de Champlain in 1611, marked the real beginning of Montreal.

There may be little or nothing in a name but there is much in the geographical location of a camp, town or city. The shrewd Champlain was

quick to recognize in the Royal island the gateway to the wilderness of whose wealth he had already some hints from the Indians.

The travel in those days was almost entirely by canoes, and here, at the confluence of the Ottawa with the St. Lawrence, he could hail the trappers as they dropped down stream and trade with them.

But the white man was suspicious, the Indian treacherous, and traded with a bow at his back, a hatchet at his hip and the white man's bayonet at his breast, mutely urging him to be good.

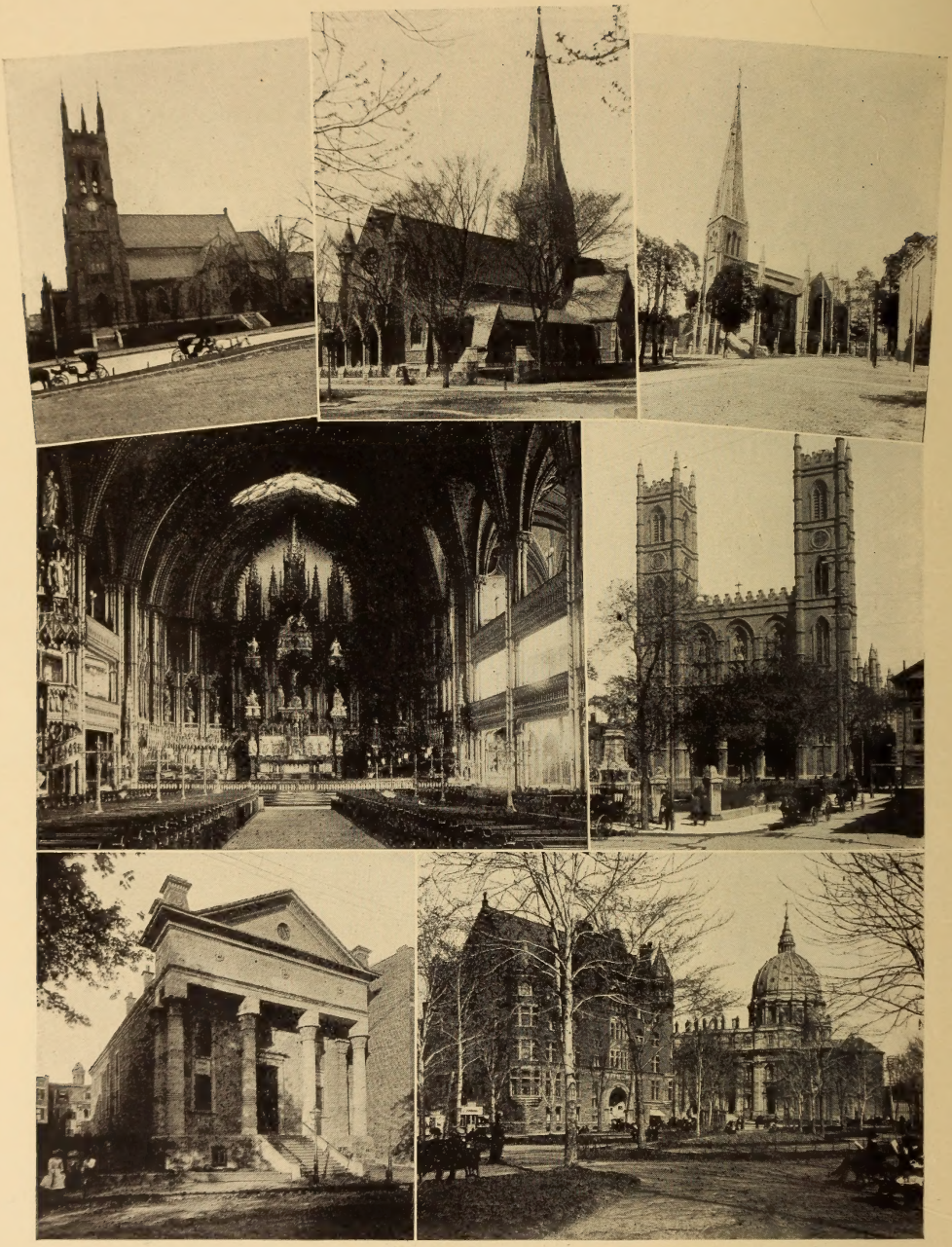
Only the faintest hint of what happened in the conquest of the Iroquois country can be given here, but one tragedy stands out in the history of Montreal that is well worth writing down.

In 1661 Governor Maisonneuve, having learned that the Iroquois contemplated a concerted attack for the purpose of wiping out the white settlement, organized a military fraternity known as "Soldiers of the Holy Family of Jesus, Mary and Joseph," who were charged with the defense of the island.

Adam Dollard, a young French officer, eager for an opportunity to distinguish himself and make his people forget a certain scandal he had left as a legacy, took sixteen equally adventurous companions and stationed his little company in an old abandoned fort on the banks of the Ottawa down which the enemy was expected to descend to the slaughter.

The first canoe party was surprised and slain by the seventeen soldiers in the frail fort. Then came an avalanche of Indians, the whole fighting force of the Iroquois. Panting for revenge and thirsting for the blood of the

Victoria Square, Montreal.



St. George's Church (Episcopal). Christ Church Cathedral (Episcopal). St. Andrew's Church (Scotch Kirk).
Interior Notre Dame Cathedral (Roman Catholic). Notre Dame Cathedral (Roman Catholic).
The Synagogue (Jewish). Y. M. C. A. St. James' Cathedral (Roman Catholic).

pale-faced foe, they fought furiously, but the besieged soldiers, seeing only death in the end, fought as doggedly defending the fort against the entire army of Indians.

Fighting, the loss of blood, the smell of powder, together with the consuming excitement of the slaughter, makes men thirsty, and soon the defenders found themselves face to face with famine.

Now the Iroquois sent couriers to the Mohawks at the mouth of the Richelieu River and these came down, half a thousand strong.

Some forty or fifty friendly Indians who had entered the palisades with Dollard deserted him now. And still the French fought on, singing and praying and crossing themselves, against an odds of fifty to one.

The end was hastened by the premature explosion of a bomb, built by the defenders to be hurled in the face of the foe who were now rushing the

A bit of the Harbor Front — City of Montreal

fort. The confusion that followed enabled the enemy to enter, when, one after another the soldiers were silenced, only four or five being saved for the fiendish festivities that always followed a fight.

And so they died, Dollard and his companions, but they saved the settlement, for the Iroquois were not over anxious to engage a colony, a handful of whom had slain hundreds of their best and bravest warriors.

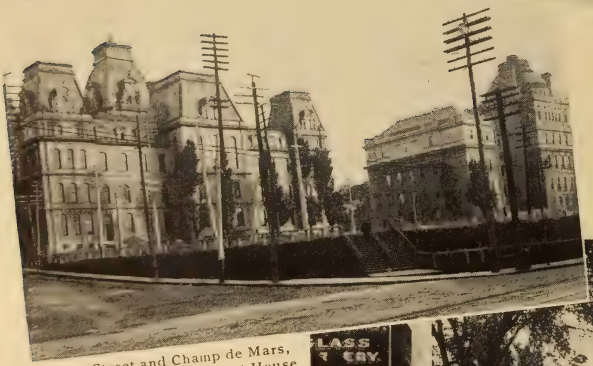
Another story is the story of Lachine, that stands at the head of the rapids of that name, nine miles up the St. Lawrence from the city of Montreal.

This settlement was begun by La Salle in 1666. You who have crossed the Rockies by the Rio Grande will remember the majestic mountain range that bears the great explorer's name.

The crumbling ruins of his old homestead are still to be seen by the

St. James Street—
Post Office and Bank of Montreal on right.

Notre Dame Street—
Court House on right.



Craig Street and Champ de Mars,
showing City Hall and Court House

St. Catherine Street, west of Peel Street.

lower Lachine road, and hard by an old stone windmill where he used to crush his corn. La Salle named this settlement "A la Chine," because he believed the road to China lay by the St. Lawrence Route.

On his way to the unknown West, La Salle founded Fort Frontenac, now Kingston, Ont., built Fort Niagre, discovered the Mississippi, followed it to the Gulf, only to be treacherously slain by his companions in the Louisiana wilds, in 1687. For two years the inhabitants of the little village waited and watched for the return of La Salle and his companions.

One stormy night, on the 4th of August, 1689, the people were waked by wild shouts and sprang from their beds to welcome the wanderers.

Alas, it was the Iroquois, and with tomahawk and torch they slew and scourged until day dawned on a black waste. The little village of Lachine

Old Homestead of La Salle, built in 1666, still to be seen on Lower Lachine Road.

was wiped from the face of the earth. Its inhabitants had gone the way of La Salle.

It is only just to say that the red man's story of these exciting scenes has not been written. In those days he was too wild, too timid or too stolid to testify, but it is freely hinted that this massacre was the direct outcome of a breach of faith, thrice repeated, upon the part of the pale-faces.

The same geographical advantage held by Hochelaga, and recognized by Champlain, is enjoyed by Montreal. She is the doorway to the Dominion.

Since the lucky day when the French Governor, overwhelmed, tired of the tyranny of the detestable Intendant, Bigot, laid down his arms to the English admiral, the city has been slowly but surely and substantially building. Wonderful changes have taken place here since the dark days

MONTREAL.

Early morning scene, Dominion Square, Montreal.

when the red man burnt the white man and the white man burned the red; as a tablet on the City Hall attests.

From a small village of fifty lodges in 1535, the place has grown to a city with 360,000 inhabitants, in 1905.

Its banks and business houses are famous in all America and some of them over seas. The first Young Men's Christian Association in America was organized here, and here, too, was formed the first Hunt club on the continent, and each in its own way is a credit to the founders.

In McGill University, the city possesses an educational institution equal to the best, and in the Royal Victoria College, a splendid school for women. At the entrance of this women's college there is a statue of Victoria by the Princess Louise. Redpath Museum and Redpath Library are allied to McGill.

The Peel Street High School is next in importance. Eleven hundred and fifty students attend here daily. They begin with the kindergarten course and matriculate for the University.

Then there is the Aberdeen School for boys with an average daily attendance of seven hundred and fifty.

Laval University is the leading Catholic college. Here the French Canadians study law, theology, medicine and art.

The College of Montreal is also a French-Catholic institution occupying the historic site of the old "Fort de la Montagne." Two of the old towers still stand on the college ground. One of these old towers bears the following inscription, in French:

"Here rest the mortal remains of Francois Therenhiange, Huron, by his piety and probity, the example of the Christian and the admiration of the unbeliever. He died, aged about one hundred years, the 21st April, 1690."

A tablet on the other tower commemorates the work of a nun who taught the natives.

St. Mary's College for boys is conducted by the Jesuits, as is also Loyola College, on Drummond Street.

The care, devotion to duty, the tireless energy and patriotism of the Rev. Arthur Jones has resulted in the collection in this latter institution of many rare historical documents and relics of the early days of Canada.

There are many other educational institutions conducted by the Catholics in and around Montreal, including the beautiful Sacred Heart Convent at the Sault aux Recollets.

The Royal Victoria Hospital is one of the best equipped and most richly endowed institutions of the kind on the continent. Then there is the Montreal General Hospital and many excellent semi-private hospitals, also the Hotel Dieu and the Western Hospital conducted by the Catholics.

Among the interesting and historic houses of worship are the Christ Church Cathedral, the Scotch St. Andrews, the St. James Methodist, the American Presbyterian, St. George's Church, The Erskine Presbyterian and the Jewish Synagogue.

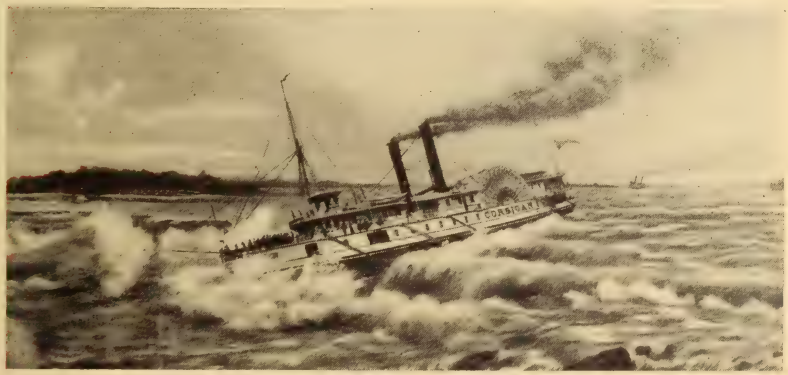
The Catholics have here the magnificent Notre Dame Church, with towers two hundred and twenty-seven feet high, and among its bells one that weighs over twelve tons. This is the second largest church in America.

Then comes the imposing St. James Cathedral whose great dome towers two hundred and fifty feet above the ground. The Cathedral is modeled after St. Peter's at Rome. There are, of course, many other imposing houses where the Roman Catholics worship.

The banks are numerous, and as Montreal is the "head office" of most of them, they occupy imposing buildings, as a rule, which add greatly to the achitectural beauty of the city.

There are in Montreal many picturesque, well-kept public parks, chief among them being Mount Royal, that lifts to a height of nearly a thousand feet, overlooking the city and all the surrounding country.

These invaluable public recreation grounds contain four hundred and sixty-two acres. There are many excellent drives, countless trails and paths with rustic resting places, and ever, in all directions, a charming view. If you are too weary to walk and do not care to drive, you can take the Incline Railway to the very top of the mountain. Then there is St. Helen's Island not far away, and all about, within an hour's journey, are scores of lakes, rivers, and charming resorts, and more good fishing and shooting within half a day's journey than is to be had in the immediate vicinity of a city of this size anywhere in the civilized world.



Steamer shooting the Lachine Rapids.

MONTREAL.

Chateau de Ramezay, built in 1705, Montreal.

There are many interesting monuments and ancient landmarks in Montreal. The city, the country, the world at large, are deeply indebted to the Antiquarian Society of Montreal for saving from destruction these landmarks, for setting a stone, or writing a sign that commemorates some of the most interesting happenings in the history of Montreal.

Among the old houses of history, perhaps the most interesting, is the famous Chateau de Ramezay, erected in 1705 by Claude de Ramezay, Governor of Montreal. It was afterwards known as Government House, and was occupied by the American general, Montgomery, during the time he held the city. Here, too, the American Congressional Commission, composed of Franklin, Chase and Carroll, sat many days and nights trying to persuade the Canadians to join the thirteen states in the rebellion against King George. The ancient redoubts are there and much of the old furnishings and many relics of other days. This is one of the landmarks now held for the people by the Society above mentioned.

Montreal is well supplied with hotels, the "Windsor" being the oldest and best known.

Among the modern buildings we may mention the new Board of Trade Building, the Redpath Library, the Royal Victoria Hospital, the Young Men's Christian Association Building, the Young Women's Christian Association Building and the magnificent new general office building of the Grand Trunk Railway System.

Of the many clubs the most exclusive is the Mount Royal. The St. James is an older club, having a membership of 150. Then there are athletic clubs, golf clubs, yacht clubs and numerous other clubs that encourage healthful outdoor sports.

Of the many suburban summer resorts on and about the island, Ste. Anne de Bellevue is unquestionably the queen.

The crumbling ruins of an old fort, dismantled by the Americans on their march to Montreal in 1775, and the old stone tower that was Le Ber's mill in the misty yesterday, are among the landmarks that remind the tourist of the exciting days when the Iroquois and the Mohawks came down the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence to merge and make war on the island settlers.

Just a hundred years ago the great Tom Moore lived at Ste. Anne. Here stands to-day the house in which he wrote his famous "Canadian Boat Song."

Later, there was a trading post at this point of the island, and here it was that the adventurous trapper and trader said adieu to his home and his friends.

All this is past now. The quiet shores of the wide river are dotted with the summer homes of the well-to-do. The splendid suburban trains of the Grand Trunk Railway System stop, put down weary city folks, pick up others, rested and refreshed, and bear them back to Bonaventure. Stately steamers ride the river, while airy yachts and lazy fishing boats are ever to be seen from the sleeping shores. Thousands of people go annually to Ste. Anne's for the sole purpose of going back by boat and "shooting" Lachine Rapids, the wild White Horse of the St. Lawrence.

Other thousands go for the fishing, for, in addition to the black bass, perch and dore fishing, we have here the greatest maskinonge grounds in Canada.

Beloeil, some twenty miles from Montreal by the Grand Trunk Railway, sits at the foot of Mount Beloeil, that rises to a height of 1,400 feet. In the very heart of the mountain there is a beautiful lake, and at its foothills the twin towns of Beloeil and St. Hilaire, with the Richelieu River flowing between and old-fashioned ferries connecting the two. Many pretty summer homes have been built by the banks of the Richelieu.

From the summit of Beloeil one gets the grandest view of the surrounding country to be had from any of the hills about Montreal. Below lie the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa and the Richelieu, broad ribbons of silver on a cloth of green and gold. Lakes St. Francis, St. Peter and Champlain are all in plain view. To the north, Mount Royal rears its head above the smoke of the swelling city, to the south are the New Hampshire hills, to the west the Laurentians and beyond them—the wilderness.

The Grand Trunk Railway System is the direct route from all points to Montreal. It is the only double-track railway between Montreal, Toronto, Niagara Falls and Chicago, and its tracks lay through some of the most picturesque scenery on the American continent. The service is all that can be desired, and its trains are models of elegance, luxury and comfort. Write any of the agents whose names appear in this publication for copy of "Trains 3 and 4," descriptive of the route.

Grand Trunk Victoria Jubilee Bridge over the St. Lawrence River, Montreal.

City of Quebec from Levis.

HISTORIC QUEBEC.

THE city of Quebec—its historicity dating back to the time of Jacques Cartier who discovered Canada in 1533—the régime of the great Champlain, who founded the city in 1608, and the several conflicts which occurred subsequent to his administration between the British and the French, and which resulted in England's supremacy in British North America by that decisive battle between Wolfe and Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham in 1759, and the unsuccessful attempt to capture the city by Generals Arnold and Montgomery of the United States Army in 1775, lends this quaint old place an interest which can nowhere be found on the Western Hemisphere. In addition to the many historical sites and the several landmarks which still exist and are in a good state of preservation, and which are of unbounded interest to the people of America, there are unlimited attractions which appeal to the tourist, the traveler and the lover of scenic beauty. There is no other city in the world situated with quite such a picturesque environment and the grandeur of the scene from the many points of vantage can only be appreciated by a visit to its confines. Much of the mediævalism of the Old World is transplanted here, and the visitor will at once imagine that he has, by some unforeseen circumstance, been taken back to the feudal times of the past. There is hardly a street that does not have its history, and hundreds of nooks and corners at every turn claim some episode that the antiquarian, historian and the one looking for information becomes enlightened with and which serves as a knowledge which is lasting. Writing of its picturesqueness, what more beautiful sights can be dreamed of than the view from the King's Bastion of the Citadel, standing hundreds of feet above the noble St. Lawrence, with a vision in every direction, and as far as the eye can reach can be seen the magnificence of the Laurentian Hills miles away as a background; the beautifully wooded Island of Orleans, which is referred to by Sir Gilbert Parker in his work "The Seats of the Mighty;" the St. Lawrence River for miles, with its ocean liners, inward and outward bound and frequently during the summer months war vessels of the British Navy, as well as of foreign nations; Dufferin Terrace stretching along the front of the Upper

Legislative Buildings, Quebec.

A "Caléche," a means of transportation in the ancient capital.

Town; the unique and picturesque houses and streets of the Lower Town nestling peacefully below the stupendous cliff; the residential portion and imposing structures of the public buildings of the Upper Town, and the pastoral scenes of the surrounding country, all lending a view of incomparable grandeur and one that only can be impressed on anyone by a visit in person. Many of the noted literateurs in the world have written volumes descriptive of this garrison city, but none have found words sufficient to do it justice or place it before the reader in such a way as to give even a slight inkling as to what is in store for those who come and see for themselves.

The tourist should not make up his mind to spend one or two days and imagine that he will have time to do Quebec. This is impossible; one could stay here a week and be sightseeing continuously, and still go away without seeing it all. There is a peculiar fascination about the old Walled City which grows on one, and even if the tourist is predisposed to tear himself away, he will experience the disposition to linger, or will surely return at some future date to drink in all its beauty and quaintness.

Within the walls of the old city and in the charming precincts of the Lower Town are to be found material and sights which appeal to the lover of the antique and the student of the old days of chivalry and the dawn of civilization on this continent. The old French architecture of the houses recalls to anyone the picturesque streets of Normandy and many other portions of Old France.

Even the vehicles of Quebec are foreign to any other town or city and a drive in a "caléche" is a novelty and an experience which cannot be

obtained elsewhere. The "Caléche" is a two-seated conveyance which holds two persons and the driver (or "cabby," as they are known in local parlance). The "cabby" is a well-posted man on all the data pertaining to the interesting points of the city and is a great aid to the visitor on his sight-seeing tour.

The old and the new—St. John's Gate and St. Louis Gate.

Another of the special attractions in this city are the religious edifices, some of them being the oldest on the American continent, with antiquated exteriors and beautiful interiors, with an atmosphere of romance and history that grows on the beholder and makes one long to remain and drink in all.

The Basilica, Quebec.

To bring this charming city more directly to the notice of the tourist and traveler, a description of some of the many points of interest in and about the city will no doubt enhance the value of the publication for what it is intended to be, namely, an accurate and comprehensive description of the salient features of the ancient capital of Canada.

Church of Notre Dames des Victoires, built in 1688, Place du Marché, Quebec.

THE CITADEL.

Probably to many the massive fortifications perched upon the heights and which constitute the strongest natural fortress on the American continent and only second in the world to Gibraltar, will be of paramount interest.

Companies of Canadian regulars are here stationed and visitors are allowed inside the walls, and are cordially received by the guard, one of whom is delegated to show the sightseer over the ground. Many of these soldiers are well versed in the details connected with the armament and the principal points of the surroundings, and are very willing to show marked attention to the visitor. The high stone wall which encloses the fort is crowned on the river front with an immense park of artillery, many of them of antiquated pattern, but the majority of them modern implements of warfare. In the center of the courtyard is seen a small cannon captured by the British at Bunker Hill.

E. T. D. Chambers, in his excellent Guide to Quebec, says: "The noon gun on the Citadel still marks the meridian time as it did in the olden days. The fortifications are omnipresent. No matter from what point you look towards Quebec for eight or ten miles away, they are still with their geometry against the sky. Nobody should miss the famous view of the river

and the surrounding country from the King's Bastion, already referred to. Here is erected the flagstaff from which waves the emblem of Britain's sovereignty in these parts. It was by means of the halyard of this flagstaff that the American sympathizers, General Theller and Colonel Dodge, in October, 1838, made their escape from the Citadel, where they were prisoners. They had previously drugged the sentry, and contrived to get safely out of the city, despite the precaution of the Commandant, Sir James McDonald, a Waterloo veteran.

THE CHURCHES.

Rivaling the fort in interest are the churches and religious institutions. All denominations are here represented. The Basilica, a beautiful edifice, grown up to elegance from the time when it had serious work to do in the wilds, when the starving had to be fed, the hunted to be sheltered, the powerful to be awed into doing justice, and, above all, the gospel to be preached to stupid, dirty Hurons, Algonquins or Micmacs, the priest in many cases only looking forward in loneliness to death at their hands. But yet the holy retreat was always strangely fascinating as it is now. Amidst the carnage and terrors its solemn attractiveness went on. Sweet voices sang and sweet bells rang, beauty and sacredness reigning in the silence, so that men outside in their grimy living felt that they possessed one honored place where it was easier to think of higher and better ideals. Now it is another world, the cannon are left behind and the martyrs' stakes never reach here. Art and treasure have accumulated together with gems, embroideries and hundreds

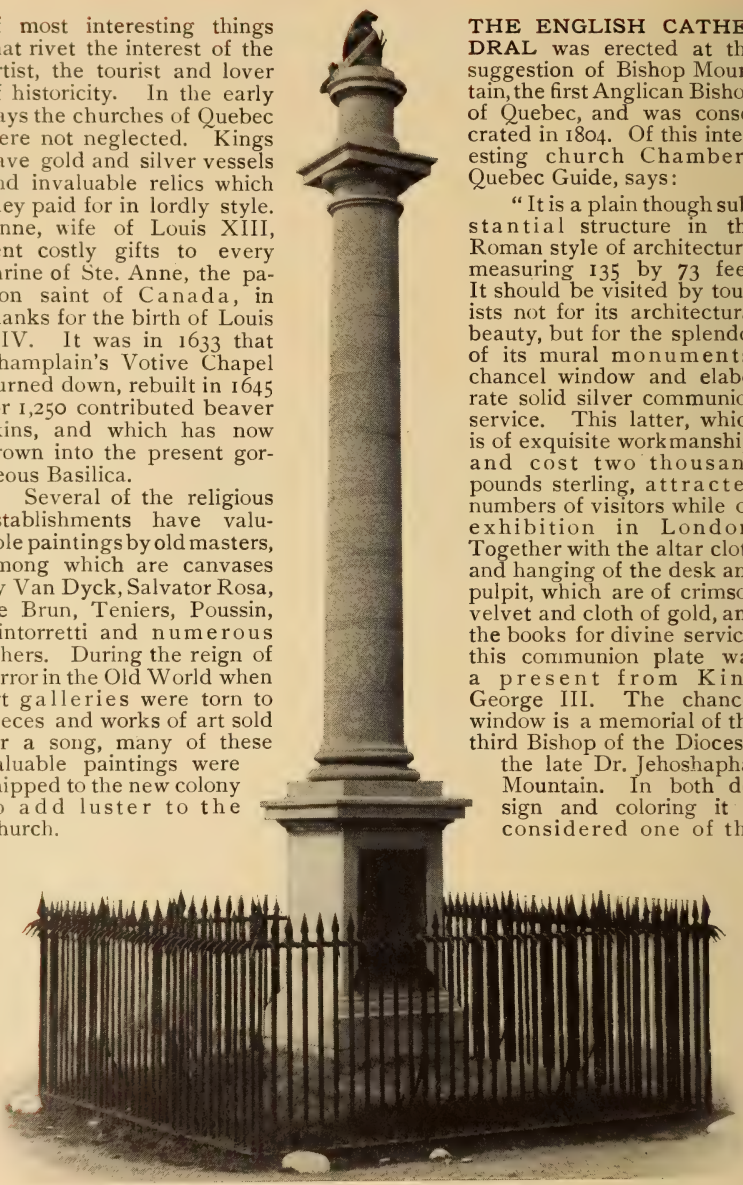
Wolfe and Montcalm Monument, Quebec.

of most interesting things that rivet the interest of the artist, the tourist and lover of historicity. In the early days the churches of Quebec were not neglected. Kings gave gold and silver vessels and invaluable relics which they paid for in lordly style. Anne, wife of Louis XIII, sent costly gifts to every shrine of Ste. Anne, the patron saint of Canada, in thanks for the birth of Louis XIV. It was in 1633 that Champlain's Votive Chapel burned down, rebuilt in 1645 for 1,250 contributed beaver skins, and which has now grown into the present gorgeous Basilica.

Several of the religious establishments have valuable paintings by old masters, among which are canvases by Van Dyck, Salvator Rosa, Le Brun, Teniers, Poussin, Tintorretti and numerous others. During the reign of terror in the Old World when art galleries were torn to pieces and works of art sold for a song, many of these valuable paintings were shipped to the new colony to add luster to the Church.

THE ENGLISH CATHEDRAL was erected at the suggestion of Bishop Mountain, the first Anglican Bishop of Quebec, and was consecrated in 1804. Of this interesting church Chamber's Quebec Guide, says:

"It is a plain though substantial structure in the Roman style of architecture, measuring 135 by 73 feet. It should be visited by tourists not for its architectural beauty, but for the splendor of its mural monuments, chancel window and elaborate solid silver communion service. This latter, which is of exquisite workmanship, and cost two thousand pounds sterling, attracted numbers of visitors while on exhibition in London. Together with the altar cloth and hanging of the desk and pulpit, which are of crimson velvet and cloth of gold, and the books for divine service, this communion plate was a present from King George III. The chancel window is a memorial of the third Bishop of the Diocese, the late Dr. Jehoshaphat Mountain. In both design and coloring it is considered one of the



Wolfe's Monument, Plains of Abraham, Quebec.

The Bishop's Palace, Quebec.

richest pieces of stained glass on the continent. Another marble slab commemorates the death of the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, while Governor-General of Canada.

NOTRE DAME DES VICTOIRES.

This quaint church is in Lower Town and situated on Place du Marchè. It was built in 1688, in what was part of the interior of Champlain's residence and fort. A visit to this old landmark is of much interest to the tourist. The other churches in the city are not of much interest to the sightseer.

THE HOTEL DIEU.—This convent and hospital was founded in 1639 by the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, a nice of Cardinal Richelieu, and is the oldest institution of the kind on the continent. In this structure adorning the walls will be found some rare paintings, among which are noticed "The Nativity," by Stella, "St. Bruno in Meditation"—Eustache Leseur, "The Monk in Prayer"—De Zurbaran, and many others. The bones of Father Lallemant and the skull of Breboeuf, two of the Jesuit martyrs murdered by the Iroquois at St. Ignace, near what is now Midland, Ont., are deposited here.

DUFFERIN TERRACE is a promenade without a peer in the world. It runs from beneath the Citadel to Du Fort Street and is 1,500 feet in length and from 75 to 150 feet in width. The promenade is a planked walk on the brow of the cliff overlooking Lower Town which lies 182 feet below. The point of view from this walk is one of superb grandeur and takes one in a moment's glance from the modernized features of a New World to the mediaeval portions of the Old World. Lower Town is composed of solidly built residences after the style of the French architecture of the olden days. The streets are narrow and congested and the sight is one that grows on the sightseer and one that could not be seen in any other city. The broad St. Lawrence flowing peacefully by on its way to the sea can be discerned for miles both east and west, and Levis, situated on the opposite shore, as well as the surrounding country to the south, looms up to the beholder.

MONTGOMERY'S DEATH.—On another page of this publication will be seen an illustration of Cape Diamond and the exact spot where General Montgomery fell leading his men to the attack of Quebec on December 31, 1775. The street leading to this point is Champlain Street and is within a few minutes' drive of Dufferin Terrace. On the face of the cliff a large sign-board has been erected at the spot where it is supposed Montgomery

fell, with the following inscription: "Here Montgomery Fell, December 31st, 1775."

Montcalm's Headquarters, St. Louis Street, 1775, from a recent photograph.

LE CHIEN D'OR, which translated means "The Golden Dog," embodies much that is historic of the wickedness in high places and which destroyed the power of a great country in Canada. It is a time-worn carved stone bas-relief, gilded as of old, now set above the entrance door of the post-office building, which is on the site of the business house of Nicholas Jacquin Philibert, and who displayed this as

Where Wolfe Died, Plains of Abraham, Quebec.

a sign-board when the infamous Intendant, Bigot, was in power. It is a dog gnawing a bone with a French stanza of this meaning:

"I am a dog gnawing a bone;
While I gnaw I take my repose.
The time will come, although not yet,
When I will bite him who now bites me."

It is claimed that Philibert had some disagreement with the Intendant and took this means for revenge. Eventually, however, as the story goes, Philibert was assassinated, and his son followed the murderer to Europe, and later to the East Indies, and slew him.

LAVAL UNIVERSITY.—"No cultivated visitor can afford to leave Quebec without inspecting the famous University of Laval, with its rare art treasures and varied historical associations. At least half a day, or better, a whole day, should be devoted to this visit. The university proper is known, sometimes, as the major seminary. The minor seminary, which, as already explained, adjoins it, is interesting to Americans as having been the scene of the confinement of the American officers taken prisoner during the siege of the city by Arnold and Montgomery in 1775. It was founded in 1663 by Mgr. de Montmorency Laval, first Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec and

Cape Diamond, Lower Town, Quebec, where Montgomery fell December 31, 1775.

Street Scenes in the City of Quebec.

Sous le Cap Street, Lower Town, Quebec.

of Canada, who was allied to the royal family of France, and who left the greater part of his landed and other property to endow the institution. The original seminary building was destroyed by fire in 1701, and the University received its royal charter in 1852, and thereupon assumed the name of Laval. The university buildings are three in number, the principal having been erected in 1857. The main edifice is 198 feet in length, 60 feet in width and 80 feet in height, and viewed from the river is, after the Citadel, the most prominent building in the city. The buildings alone of the university and seminary are valued at over a million dollars. There are several large halls, containing the museums of geology, natural history, arts and sciences. The picture gallery is yearly receiving large additions, while the library is the largest in Canada next to that in the House of Parliament at Ottawa, and contains 100,000 volumes, being also rich in valuable MSS. relating to the early history of the country.

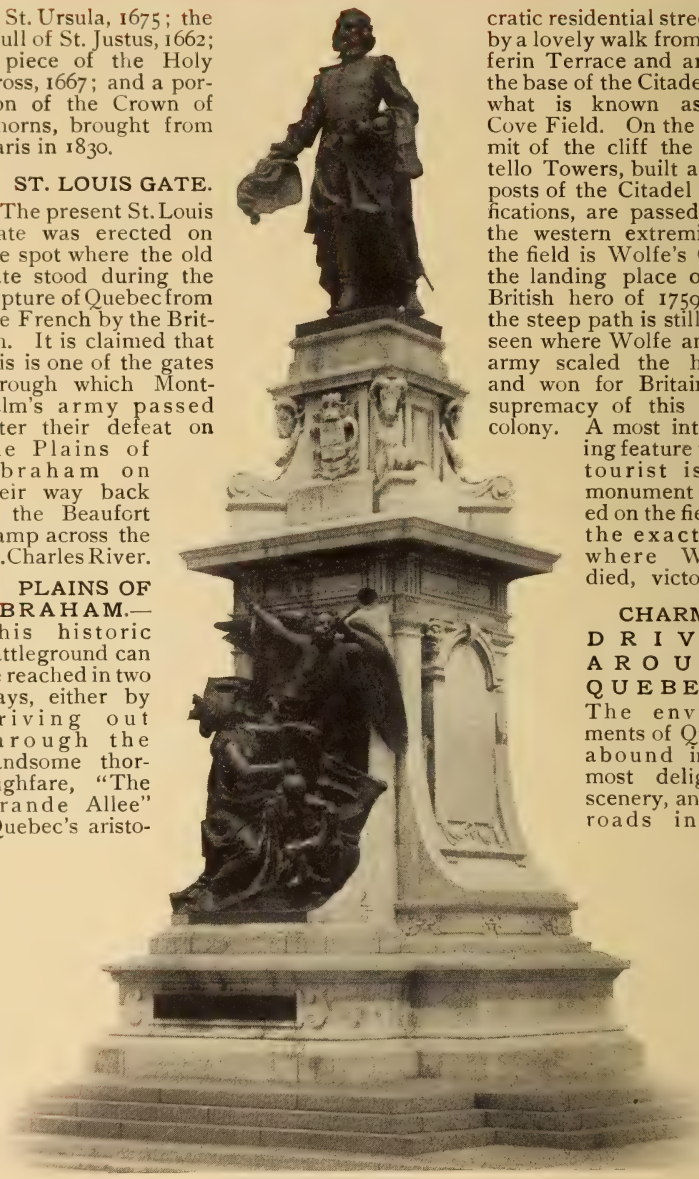
THE URSULINE CONVENT.—In the year 1639, Madame de la Peltrie founded what is known as the Ursuline Convent, one of the oldest in the Dominion of Canada. This establishment covers an area of seven acres. There are about 250 pupils boarding at this institution and receiving their education, as well as a large number of day pupils. Many of the leading families in Canada and the United States send their children here, and the educational system is renowned. To the tourist and those in search of historic facts, the chapel of this convent is perhaps the most attractive, as here lie the remains of Montcalm, also the body of St. Clements from the catacombs at Rome, brought here in 1687; the skull of one of the companions

of St. Ursula, 1675; the skull of St. Justus, 1662; a piece of the Holy Cross, 1667; and a portion of the Crown of Thorns, brought from Paris in 1830.

ST. LOUIS GATE.—The present St. Louis Gate was erected on the spot where the old gate stood during the capture of Quebec from the French by the British. It is claimed that this is one of the gates through which Montcalm's army passed after their defeat on the Plains of Abraham on their way back to the Beaufort Camp across the St. Charles River.

PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.—This historic battleground can be reached in two ways, either by driving out through the handsome thoroughfare, "The Grande Allee" (Quebec's aristocratic residential street), or by a lovely walk from Dufferin Terrace and around the base of the Citadel and what is known as the Cove Field. On the summit of the cliff the Martello Towers, built as outposts of the Citadel fortifications, are passed. At the western extremity of the field is Wolfe's Cove, the landing place of the British hero of 1759, and the steep path is still to be seen where Wolfe and his army scaled the height and won for Britain the supremacy of this great colony. A most interesting feature to the tourist is the monument erected on the field on the exact spot where Wolfe died, victorious.

CHARMING DRIVES AROUND QUEBEC.—The environments of Quebec abound in the most delightful scenery, and the roads in the



Montcalm Monument, Dufferin Terrace, Quebec

Dufferin Terrace and Lower Town from the Citadel, Quebec.

vicinity of the city are among the finest upon the continent. The drives are all comparatively short, averaging about nine or ten miles, and over such good roads that one never feels tired. Among the principal drives may be mentioned the drive to Montmorency Falls, the Natural Steps (the latter no one should miss on any account), the Falls of Lorette, the Falls of Ste. Anne and the Chaudiere Falls. Few persons ever go to see the fortifications at Levis, and yet they are well worthy of a visit. Then there is the old ruin of Chateau Bigot, the haunt of one of the most notorious of scoundrels, as well as the worst of intendants.

QUEBEC IN WINTER.—Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, an authority, in writing on this topic, says: "It is the fashionable thing for Americans in winter to run up to the old capital of Canada, envelop themselves in the beautiful furs that are here so inexpensive, and enjoy the sleigh rides, tobogganing, snow-shoeing, skating, etc., in the bracing atmosphere of a Canadian winter. Instead of the enervating climate of the South, that makes exertion of every kind a burden, physical exercise in Quebec, during the season of frost and snow, is a positive pleasure. The more one walks, or drives, or skates, the more temptation there is to continue it. The bracing atmosphere of the Canadian winter is the very elixir of life. The bronchial affections that are developed and cultured by the stuffy air of muggy winter invariably yield to the curative effects of the clear northern atmosphere of Quebec during the cold months of the year. Visitors in town are made heartily welcome to the rinks, where skating, curling and ice hockey, besides dances on ice and fancy dress carnivals, are constantly indulged in, and snow-shoeing, sleighing and tobogganing are open to all. Lord and Lady Aberdeen, the Astors, the Goulds and the Vanderbilts selected the winter for their pleasure visits here, and thousands of people are now following their example."

How a typical New Yorker was struck by his first experience of winter

in Quebec will appear from the following extracts from Mr. Julian Ralph's letters to the New York *Sun*, in January, 1894:

"The great granite walls capped and flecked with snow; the narrow curving streets heaped with snow; the houses all fringed with ponderous icicles; the trees, whose every limb is outlined with a coating of snow; the sleighs all buried in furs; the people in blanket suits and furs and moccasins; the gorgeous snow-shoers; the priests and soldiers and nuns—all these shown off beside the ice-glutted river are quite enough to satisfy the tourists without the added trifles of a curling match, or a masquerade on skates, or even a Vice-Regent's Ball. * * * They have cut out of the surface of the river a sea-green ice palace, which shines on the Old City wall like a diamond tiara on the head of a duchess. They have carved out of solid ice several statues of their national heroes. They have spanned the leading streets with Eiffel towers of fir and evergreen arches which are to be manned with snow-shoers in worsted toques, blanket coats, blanket trousers, gaudy scarfs and moccasins. They have opened a new and enormous hotel, as fine as any on the continent, and thus have redeemed the once failing reputation of the city in this respect."

And this is Mr. Ralph's description of a scene that every day of the winter is enacted on skates in the city rinks:

"At the skating rink this afternoon some of these pretty natives were waltzing on skates to the music of the army band from the Citadel. They can skate like fairies. They sweep to and fro like yachts of magical swiftness. They dart over the ice like birds in the air, and they spin and wheel and pirouette and trace fancy patterns on the ice, so that no onlooker can perceive a particle of exertion or explanation of the mystery how they manage to be so airy, so skillful or so graceful. But it is when they waltz that they become most bewitching. The backward whirl and the cross-step, and the constant repetition of the inner and outer roll give such a melodious

"Old Windmill," near Montreal.

swing to their skirts that no English now at hand in Quebec is fit to convey the effect. The bodies glide now this side and now that side, and their dresses move with that 'liquefaction' which the poet Herrick ascribes to his Julia's gown when she tripped along the road. Hardly has one of their skirts determined which way it will float when the movement is changed and the drapery contradicts itself and floats the other way. Seldom is so much as an ankle displayed by the pretty skaters. Only the rythmic dresses and flashing skate blades are vouchsafed to the vision of the beholder. But each time the girls dip, in the swing and poetry of the featherlike dance, some part of each skirt edge touches the ice and picks up an edging of snow, so that presently, every musically, silently melodious skirt seems trimmed with ermine. It is the men who display the only hosiery one sees at the carnival. The popular blanket suits which so many men are wearing here all terminate the breeches at the knee, close behind which swing the ends of the brilliant scarfs that fall from each waist. From the knee down to the shoes are heavy woolen stockings. * * * Twenty-four young men and women of the most distinguished Quebec families skated the lancers in fancy dresses. The beautiful costumes waving about on the white ice made a pretty picture, and the precision with which the figures were executed was wonderful, but there was not quite the same degree of the poetry of motion that distinguished the waltzing. However, the perfect control of the dancers over their skates was worth going a great way to see. They balanced corners and partners and repeated all the figures of the old dance exactly as well and a thousand times more prettily than ever genuine dancers did. So skillful were they that when a couple at the corners balanced and turned they needed perhaps forty square feet of space, but in that space they curved and spun and glided around one another like graceful birds."

Old Martello Tower.

THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCY.

THE far-famed Falls of Montmorency—nearly a hundred feet higher than those of Niagara—are themselves well worth a visit to Quebec to see, Montmorency is eight miles distant from Quebec. It may be reached either by the cars of the Quebec Railway, Light and Power Co., which derives from them the power for operation of its street railway in Quebec, and for lighting and power purposes in the city, as well as over this line; or by a pleasant drive over an excellent macadamized road, from which a splendid view of the river and surrounding country may be had. The cataract is one of the chief natural attractions in the vicinity of Quebec, the water, in its perpendicular fall for the whole 250 feet of its leap over the face of the rock, being broken up into white and fleecy foam. Its roar is tremendous and can sometimes be heard for miles away. In the winter, portions of the spray freeze as they rise, and form an ice cone in the shape of a sugar loaf, which in some seasons exceeds 120 feet in height. Quebecers then form parties for sliding down the cone in toboggans, an exciting and exhilarating sport. The fall may best be seen from below, and this view may also be had when taking the trip to La Bonne Ste. Anne, described below. The drive along the highway from Quebec to Montmorency should be taken on another day. The tourist will then take in the splendid scenery along the way, including views of the St. Lawrence and Isle of Orleans, of Beauport Lunatic Asylum and its magnificent grounds, and of the ruins of the old Beaufort manor house that served as the headquarters of Montcalm's army in 1759; for, before effecting a landing above Quebec, General Wolfe disembarked his troops on the eastern side of the Montmorency River, and vainly endeavored to dislodge the French from their position, being compelled to retire, however, with several killed and wounded. There is also a splendid view of the river, island and city from the head of the Falls, while near by is seen the former manor of General Haldim and which a hundred years ago was the country residence in Canada of the late Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria. Kent House, as the old manor is now called, has been transformed into a modern hotel, standing in the middle of a beautiful park, open to patrons of the railway, and reached by a passenger elevator from the electric cars.

Montmorency Falls, near City of Quebec.

THE MIRACLE-WORKING SHRINE OF STE. ANNE IN CANADA.

A Most Interesting Side Trip From Quebec.

By Margaret Meredith.

THERE have been pilgrimages to Ste. Anne de Beaupre for centuries. In the long ago, devoted Hurons and Micmacs, and noble lords, journeyed by canoe and on foot, even hundreds of miles, braving the fierce rapids of the St. Lawrence and treacherous enemies, to pray at the feet of "The Grandmother of Jesus."

It is a wonderful sight; the immense cathedral and its throngs in the tiny old village, just where the St. Lawrence, nearing the sea, first spreads out into a mighty width.

Anne is the patroness of the afflicted, of sailors, and of Canada. One week in July is her especial season, and the halt, ill and blind, and the devout, come to her. There are, perhaps, 100,000 pilgrims annually. Her miraculous cures, as we care to regard them, but the ancient cult here has gathered around it what one could find at only a few shrines, even in Europe. Lourdes itself is not altogether different.

Tradition says that some Breton seamen in peril of shipwreck, vowed a shrine to Ste. Anne wherever she should safely land them; and getting ashore at this point, twenty-five miles below Stadacona, the Indian metropolis (now Quebec), they erected a little chapel. Many years after, in 1657, while building here a larger chapel, the cures began; "an impotent man, Louis Guimont, rising well and strong from laying three stones in the foundation." Marie de l'Incarnation, the missionary nun, writes home to France: "Our Lord has wrought great wonders there in favor of the Mother of the Most Blessed Virgin. There paralytics walk, the blind recover their sight, the infirm are restored to health." "So," continues the Church guide-book, "wrote the saintly religious in the 17th century, so it may be written now."

I heard a vigorous young workingman on the train saying to his companion: "Yes, they get cured. Some get cured going there, some coming away, some all at once, some a little each year." But still he went on to give blood-curdling accounts of the sufferings of a sick friend, with no apparent thought of his trying Ste. Anne's powers. In all human beliefs there are varying degrees of faith.

The French explorers and earliest dwellers in Canada—some of them earlier by many years than Jamestown or Mayflower, were many of them lords and seigneurs; and all were pledged knaves as well as devotees to plant the Cross with their banners; especially Laval, Baron de Montmorenci, Priest-Bishop of this "New France," poured out his princely wealth for his mission. Therefore it is not strange that costly gifts came to this mysterious shrine where the Mother of Mary reigned so powerfully.

Men carried home, too, across the ocean, stories of the wonder-working saint in the romantic wild new world which France owned, she said, "from New-Found-Land to Florida, and from the Atlantic far back beyond the Mississippi;" fostering kings listened and sent gifts, and pious women who

loved the heathen and had griefs of their own to charm away sent gifts, and the stream has not stopped flowing after two and a third centuries. Recall the innumerable Annes, too, peasants and queens—even Anna, *King* of Savoy, who owe allegiance to their patroness.

Inside the entrance of the cathedral, now a basilica, at right and left, is the amazing spectacle of the place: hundreds, probably, indeed, thousands of crutches, high-soled shoes, braces, even a wooden leg! stacked against the walls to a great height; left by the "cured." Here and there throughout the place you see a crutch or two stuck in. There was an old pipe on the very pedestal of Ste. Anne during the solemnities, perhaps a memorial of a cure of the tobacco habit, perhaps a dearly given up votive offering.

The mysterious statue of La Bonne Ste. Anne stands on a tall onyx pillar in front of the altar rail. It is colored like life, neither ugly nor exquisite, but pretty. Behind it spreads a gilt sun—a "glory"—fine and shining. On Anne's head is a high gold crown, presented, as well as that upon the head of the little Virgin in her arms, by Leo XIII., in 1887.

There were always some praying on the pavement before the statue, crippled or deformed or feeble; I saw none carried in helpless. They were not ragged, though some very poorly clad, and some were refined in appearance. The kneelers kissed a reliquary containing a bone of the hand of Ste. Anne. This was a glass-covered receptacle surrounded with masses

The Basilica, Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

of jewels, like a magnificent great brooch. A priest freely approved of our passing with a throng of worshipers and taking a look at it.

The ailments of some children were pointed out to a priest and he rubbed a reliquary upon the spot.

The plants arching the altar were a marvelously compact mass of bloom, so that I was quite ready to believe that they were the result of the very highest Belgic art.

I found myself at one time in the midst of a crowd who had gathered around a high pulpit to have their sacred souvenirs blessed, rosaries, scapulars, crucifixes, bottles of water from the holy spring, images of Ste. Anne. They were explained to, in English and in French, to hold them up; so they gathered them in matter of fact manner from pockets and purses, and the priest blessed them.

The organ is of the finest, as also was the singing, especially the solos of two powerful male voices. They filled the great building.

The magnificence is very plentiful, some costly and of exquisite workmanship, some of cheap materials wrought with careful art in rich variety, an imitation often of marbles and carving.

The case of gifts and historical relics in the vestry is most interesting. There is a priest's garment, a chasuble, made by Anne of Austria, queen of Louis XIII., presented by her to this shrine as a thank offering for the birth of Louis XIV. The embroidery is very simple, darned work in shades of red, but it is tasteful and there is a great deal of it, covering the whole vestment except where she sewed on wide ribbon bands of gold lace.

Near it hangs a heavy silver portrait, in relief, of the Count of Paris, given by him in 1890, an *ex voto* of his pilgrimage here. He is represented a St. Louis, "King of France!" Alas! for that petition.

There are two massive high gold crowns encrusted with gems for Ste. Anne and the little Virgin. These were made of the accumulated ornaments given by worshipers. Evidently at about the time that these were finished Pope Leo supplied the need. Votive offerings of jewelry crowd the shelves, singly and in piles, some fresh and shining, some much worn. There are necklaces, watches, chains, sets in cases, hundreds of breastpins (I noticed one large diamond cluster), a Young Men's Christian Association badge! and nearly two yards of rings strung close together on rods.

The place teems with associations with historic names. Its founders were of the makers of America. There is a large silver cross given by Iberville, who first traversed the Mississippi and acquired vast "Louisiana" for France, and there is a fine picture given by the daughter of Portneuf.

By petition and by purchase fragments of the bones of Ste. Anne have been secured for cathedrals. Louis XIII, indeed, ordered that one be given to his wife. For the one that Laval de Montmorenci bought and gave to Ste. Anne de Beaupre there are elaborate legal deeds.

Here and there in the corridors of the cathedral there were tablets presented by individuals from Kentucky, Maine, etc., and from Europe.

This immense building is new. The beauty of modern architecture mingles at Beaupre with the remains of a hoary past

THE SHRINE OF STE. ANNE.

There are large monasteries, and several chapels or shrines. Rich flower gardens are all about, except in front of one very conspicuous entrance; here there is a vegetable garden, shut in by a curving fence of wooden palings, locked; the most beautifully kept garden that one could conceive; bed after bed in long ribbon strips of one homely vegetable after another. I saw, I think, all kinds with which we are familiar, and some which I did not recognize.

The little ancient church which was crumbling down has been made into a little "restored" church. The old stones and rubble are in the wall, the steeple and bell and pews and altar and images—everything—are in place; poor and plain to the last degree; and the walls are covered full with old pictures, mostly large—votive offerings; Lord Tracy's fine Le Brun side by side with the monstrosities given by rescued sailors more grateful than wealthy.

There is, in addition to the Redemptorist's monastery and the Franciscan nunnery, one other building, the "Scala Santa." There is nothing like this in America. A wide central stairway, occupying nearly this whole edifice, leads to the altar. "Built in imitation of the steps up which our Savior mounted during His Sacred Passion;" which latter were preserved in Rome, inlaid with relics from the Holy Land, this was covered with a throng of worshipers, climbing up praying, on their knees, kissing each step before mounting it. A girl coming away told us touchingly, with tears, how she was trying by this means to get relief for her ill and suffering mother. One old, *old* man, poor and blind, with a quantity of frowsy, gray hair and beard, was gently led around, after his ascent and a season of worship at the altar, by an elderly daughter or granddaughter, to pray at the "Stations," those last scenes of Christ's life always looking down from the walls on Roman Catholic worship.

The interior is delicately painted in Palestine landscapes, the work, we are told, of one artist monk and lately finished.

A little steep graveyard holds 3,724 dead; unmarked dead mostly, but there are a few plain stones and the slender, rusty iron crosses of this land.

The "Holy Spring" ripples through grass and stones. In the commonest of household bottles, its water was caught by pilgrims.

All the show and interest of this much-visited shrine is set down in a shackling little wooden village, as huddled together as if land were worth many dollars a foot; whose fashions are almost as antique as its church. You can see *sabots* if you keep a sharp lookout, and, perhaps, a Normandy costume.

Everywhere souvenirs are for sale. During Ste. Anne's week one street is lined with wee *boutiques* (roofed wheelbarrows), from which *habitants* sell sacred trinkets, especially figures of Ste. Anne. In these shelters from rain and sun they trundle away afterwards wares and clothes and children. A man must curl up and sleep in each at night, although these peasants are strangely honest.

LEVIS.

BEFORE leaving Quebec, you should visit Levis. It is situated across the St. Lawrence River from Quebec, and from its cliffs the view is magnificent. In the foreground we have the intense blue of the river, and back of this, the Quebec Citadel, Dufferin Terrace, the Chateau Frontenac, and the country framed by the grand mountains which cannot be seen in their full beauty from the Quebec shore.

There are three forts in Levis of historic interest, for from them Wolfe shelled Quebec in 1759. An electric railway meets all boats at the ferry and then proceeds east along the river bank to Fraser Street where it begins to climb to the top of the cliff; here it turns and runs back towards the ferry on the higher level. The view from this point is one of the finest imaginable, for it is possible to see both up and down the river from one place. Across the river are seen the villages of Beauport and Montmorency, the beautiful church of the former lifting its twin spires against the purple mountains; to the right the heavily wooded end of the Island of Orleans; while to the left the Chateau Frontenac and the massive stone fortress are outlined against the sky.

Passing the Hotel de Ville and the Levis Church, in the upper-town of Levis, the cars take one through the principal business street as far as the market where they turn to come back. When they have reached the corner of Commercial and Fraser Streets it is possible to proceed still farther east to St. Joseph Village where is an interesting Government dry-dock, and from where one may look across the river and see the famous Montmorency Falls, and pass by two very old and quaint wayside chapels; or to go west on the bank of the river to St. Romuald, crossing the Soie and Etchemin Rivers and having a constant succession of lovely scenes of Quebec and of Sillery.

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INFORMATION.

THE Grand Trunk Railway System's extensive lines comprise 4,176 miles of rail between the Great Lakes and the Atlantic Ocean, and afford a peerless route from the west and south to Montreal and Quebec. It has been known throughout the continent for years as the "great and popular tourist route."

A glance at the map of the System that appears on the following page will give intending visitors to Montreal and Quebec an idea of the ramifications of this railway. In addition to the splendid train service, fast time, superb equipment, unexcelled roadbed and polite and attentive employes, the route is one of great interest from a scenic and historic point of view, and embraces the greatest diversity of national attractions on the Western Hemisphere.

From Chicago, Detroit, Niagara Falls and Buffalo, passengers reaching the Grand Trunk are carried over the main line to the East. Pullman sleeping cars on all through trains, and dining cars, parlor cars and cafe parlor cars on day trains.

From points in the West, a pleasant deviation from the all-rail journey can be made at Kingston, where the trains of the Grand Trunk connect with the Richelieu & Ontario steamers for the trip through the Thousand Islands and down the Rapids of the St. Lawrence River to Montreal. A through Pullman sleeping car is run daily between Niagara Falls, Buffalo and Toronto to Kingston wharf, leaving at a convenient hour in the evening and reaching Kingston wharf in time for passengers to take the steamer for the daylight ride down the river to Montreal, a distance of 204 miles, through a panorama of beautiful scenes.

From New York, through trains are operated over the Delaware & Hudson Railway, skirting the western shore of Lake Champlain.

From Boston, through trains leave over the Boston & Maine and Central Vermont Railways.

From Montreal and Quebec many side trips to historic and interesting spots may be made at moderate expense, and several days can be profitably and enjoyably spent in this way. The trip down the St. Lawrence to the several resorts situated on its shores, the Saguenay trip, a jaunt to the Lake St. John region, or a trip through the Maritime Provinces, all have their attractive features that appeal to the tourist and traveler.

The approach to the city of Quebec by the Grand Trunk Railway System gives passengers the best view of the city and the citadel, as the line runs on the opposite side of the River St. Lawrence at this point to Point Levi, allowing for an unobstructed view for miles, also giving one a splendid opportunity of viewing the harbor front and that interesting part of the ancient capital, "lower town."

Map of the
GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
SYSTEM
AND CONNECTIONS.
DOUBLE TRACK.
DOUBLE TRACK UNDER CONSTRUCTION.
L. SUPERIOR
ONTARIO
PENNSYLVANIA
WEST VIRGINIA
MARYLAND
MAINE
VERMONT
NEW HAMPSHIRE
CONNECTICUT
MASSACHUSETTS
QUEBEC
MICHIGAN
INDIANA
OHIO
ILLINOIS
WISCONSIN
MINNESOTA
NEW YORK
MONTREAL
TORONTO
OTTAWA
BUFFALO
DETROIT
CHICAGO
CINCINNATI
WASHINGTON
BALTIMORE
PHILADELPHIA
PITTSBURG
HARRISBURG
PORTLAND
BOSTON
PROVIDENCE
HARTFORD
NEW LONDON
CONCORD
MANITOULIN ISLAND
NIAGARA FALLS
NIAGARA RIVER
DETROIT RIVER
ST. CLAIR R.
GEORGIAN BAY
LAKE ONTARIO
LAKE ERIE
LAKE MICHIGAN
LAKE HURON
LAKE SUPERIOR
LAKE CHAMPLAIN
LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG
LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE
LAKE SUNAPEE
LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG
LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE
LAKE SUNAPEE

PUBLICATIONS

ISSUED BY

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

"Muskoka Lakes."
"Lake of Bays."
"Among the 30,000 Islands of Georgian Bay."
"Lake Nipissing and the French River."
"Orillia and Lake Couchiching."
"Charming Summer Resorts on Lake Huron."
"Temagami."
"Down the Moon River."
"Haunts of Fish and Game."
"Kawartha Lakes."
"Hay Fever."
"Summer Tours."
"Royal Muskoka Hotel Booklet."
"Mountains of New England and the Sea."
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